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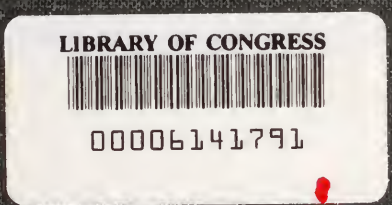

LIGHT

"FIAT LUX"

A Trumpet Call to Men of Color

BY

WILLARD LIGHT

4832 ARLINGTON AVENUE

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "LIGHT ON THE ROOSEVELT MOVEMENT" AND "GETTYSBURG 1863-1913"

"And thou shalt number seven Sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years; and the space of the seven Sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years.

"Then shalt thou cause the TRUMPET of the JUBILEE to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of ATONEMENT shall ye make the TRUMPET sound throughout all your land."—Leviticus, XXV, 8-9.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL SOUVENIR

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In Memory of Abraham Lincoln

Sixteenth President of the United States of America.
Born, February 12th, 1809.
Crucified, April 14th, 1865.

"A PEACEFUL LIFE;—just toil and rest—
All his desire;—
To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's word and man's;—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, *like far heroic rhymes,*
The onmarch of his dreams.

"A PEACEFUL LIFE;—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's ax that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A fateful pulse that, *like a roll*
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul.

"A PEACEFUL LIFE! . . . They haled him even
As ONE was haled
Whose open palms were nailed toward Heaven
When prayers nor aught availed.
And, lo, *he paid the self-same price*
To lull a Nation's awful strife
And will us, through the sacrifice
Of self, HIS PEACEFUL LIFE."

Riley.

"GOD *is sounding forth a* TRUMPET *that shall never call retreat.*"

* * * * *

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you.

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to '*preserve, protect and defend*' it.

"I AM LOATH TO CLOSE. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of our affection.

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, *will yet swell the chorus of the Union*, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." First Inaugural, 1861.

* * * * *

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim and declare that:—

"On the first day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, *thenceforward*, AND FOREVER FREE!

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, *I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind*, AND THE GRACIOUS FAVOR OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

* * * * *

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE; *with charity for all;* with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; *to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves,* AND WITH ALL NATIONS." Second Inaugural, 1865.

JAN -2 1915
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"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the tomb.
BUT HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON!"

* * * *

A Trumpet Call to Men of Color

"'TWAS OLD JOHN BROWN who broke the sod
Of Freedom's fallow field,
And sowed his heart there, thanking God
Poor slaves would get the yield;—

"Rained his last tears for *them* and *us*
To irrigate and till
A crop of Song as glorious
As Rhymes of Ironquill.

"Your wars can riddle bone and flesh,
And blow out brains, and spill
Life-blood,—BUT SOMETHING LIVES ON, fresh
As Rhymes of Ironquill."

* * * *

The great State of Illinois has appropriated a large sum of money for a grand celebration commemorating the Half-Century Anniversary of Negro Freedom, to be held during the month of August, 1915, in the city of Chicago, where Abraham Lincoln was discovered, and in the city of Springfield, where the mortal remains of the Great Emancipator are crumbling into silent and sacred dust, *while his compassionate soul has put on immortality.*

It is eminently fitting and peculiarly proper that the Golden Jubilee of Emancipation should be consummated at the time and in the places named.

"*And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim* LIBERTY *throughout* ALL *the land unto* ALL *the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a* JUBILEE *unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.*" Leviticus, XXV; 10.

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the tomb!
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown.
His phantom knap-sack is strapped upon his back;
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
HIS SOUL IS MARCHING ON."

The First Universal Races Congress ever held on our globe convened in the University of London in July, 1911. Nearly every Race and Nation on earth was represented at this momentous meeting. We in America have reason to be proud of the fact that this great World Conference, dealing with the perplexing problems of Inter-Racial comity, was first proposed by our distinguished fellow-citizen, Dr. Felix Adler, of Columbia University, New York City.

Untold and incalculable good was accomplished at this First Races Congress. A permanent executive council was chosen, and an association formed with intent to undertake to hold a similar congress every few years. The United States of America had the honor to be represented by Dr. Adler, and he is also the American member of the permanent council.

This eminent professor delivered a most able address at the last Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and Other Dependent Peoples, in which he very clearly and concisely outlined the aims, objects and scope of the First Races Congress. His splendid speech is published in the August-September number of our American Peace Society's Advocate of Peace, under the most appropriate title of "Justice the Basis of International Peace."

The hopes of this World Parliament of Man briefly stated are:—

1. To promote a better appreciation on the part of each Nation of such types of culture and civilization as differ from its own, and particularly to bring about a more perfect understanding between the East and the West.

2. To encourage the scientific study of the Races and their special problems, in order that more harmonious and peaceful relations may be maintained between all divisions of mankind, to the end that all Race hatred and Creed prejudice may be gradually and finally eliminated.

3. To promote experiments after the manner of the Batak Institution at Leiden, based on the principle that the backward Races, instead of being exploited for the benefit of Europeans and Americans, are to be assisted in the development of a civilization of their own, in accordance with their natural opportunities and capacities.

It would seem to be in supreme harmony, and perfect accord with the divine trend of world-events, for our Government to extend an official invitation to the Right Hon. Lord Weardale, President; Hon. Dr. G. Spiller, Secretary; the entire Permanent Executive Council, *and all other noble souls who hold humanity and service above dividends and surplus*, to proceed with the necessary preliminary preparations for convoking the Second Universal Races Congress, to meet at our Panama-Pacific World's Exposition, *following* our Golden Jubilee of Negro Freedom.

If we can successfully celebrate a century of peace with Anglo-Saxon people in this year of our Lord, 1914, and convene a Universal Congress of Races next year in the city by our Golden Gate, on the shores of the sundown sea, we will be rapidly approaching the realization and fulfillment of the prophecy of the greatest living Theosophist.

"*In the near future another great* WORLD-TEACHER *will appear, and he will be able to gather together in one the numberless religions of mankind, to bring together in one the scattered and divided races of mankind, to institute an epoch of peace on earth and goodwill among men,* AND TO ESTABLISH A VERITABLE FAMILY OF GOD."

My own vision is that our beloved Republic will be permitted to produce this wonderful World-Teacher, for whom suffering humanity has waited so patiently and long, and at our Diamond Jubilee of Negro Freedom we will celebrate the *Emancipation of* ALL *Races from* ALL *forms of Slavery.*

"I have yet many things to say unto you, *but ye cannot bear them now.*

"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into *all truth*: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak: AND HE WILL SHOW YOU THINGS TO COME."

St. John, XVI; 12-13.

"The World-Teacher of the Future will come to us as comes
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar of drums—
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar and din
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor marches in.

"His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow."

A number of people who were deeply interested in the First Races Congress, seeing the vital need of a publication to convey to the reading world the mute appeals, and unwritten pleas of the backward peoples, and the aims and ambitions, aspirations and hopes of the different divisions of mankind, as expressed by the brightest thinkers and best writers among them, founded the African Times and Orient Review.

A monthly magazine, published at 158 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England; and devoted to the higher interests of the darker races of the human family. Subscription price, $1.50 per year, post free to any part of the world. Sample copies at 15 cents each may be obtained from Mr. John E. Bruce, President of the Negro Society for Historical Research, Yonkers, New York; also from the author of this brochure. Either Mr. Bruce or myself will cheerfully handle subscriptions, but I earnestly urge all who are in sympathy with this wonderful work, and feel able to support it, to personally send their dollar and a half direct to the home address of the paper as it is given above.

The African Times and Orient Review is most ably edited by Mr. Duse Mohamed, Effendi; a pure blood descendant of the Hamitic Race; born in Egypt and educated in England. Evidently Mr. Mohamed has undertaken a Herculean task once contemplated by the late lamented Mr. Wm. T. Stead, of establishing a globe journal that shall be an open forum for the leading thinkers and scholars of the earth, regardless of Race, Creed, or Color. A sort of literary clearing-house for the world.

This highly intelligent Egyptian gentleman writes graceful and powerful literature in classic and trenchant English, and deserves the *especial* support of every person of Color who wishes to count for something more than a cumberer of God's footstool, and of every Caucasian who really believes in the Neighborhood of Nations, the Brotherhood of Humanity, and who does not wish to live to see a *Race and Class war that will drench the earth in blood.*

It has long been clear to me that if the WISE MEN of the *whole World*, the HEROES of *Arbitration*, the PHILANTHROPISTS who *fight the conditions that make war possible*, and the PEACE PATRIOTS of *all Governments among men* do not gather around the council table in a spirit of brotherly love, and work together in harmony and concord on the perplexing problems that vex and harass the Nations to distraction, and tax and burden the people beyond endurance, the ARMAGEDDON of the *Apocalypse* will become a physical reality, and a material conflict, and not a spiritual struggle as it was intended to be revealed by the Prophet of Patmos.

It seems to me that Editor Mohamed has caught a glimmer of the Golden Dawn *now breaking* across the vast ocean of Eternity, and like a modern Atlas is trying to *raise* his people; and following in the footsteps of Moses, *who also came from the Land of the Pharaohs*, is leading them out of bondage on and up the intellectual heights to where they may view the Promised Land of Canaan.

I quote from his December editorial, "A Merry Christmas to You All":—

"We face another year with courage unabated, with a heart firm to endure, with a soul unappalled by difficulty and toil, with a will, a determination, an unshaken resolution to carry through our work, to maintain until the end our struggle on behalf of the Coloured Races of the World. We shall never cease to expose injustice and oppression and wrong, to fight for the weak and helpless, to present the unspoken petition of the suffering as long as even a modicum of support and appreciation is forthcoming from those whose cause we maintain, or till the great Reaper gathers us in His garner."

I especially exhort all the darker races to rally round the banner that has been unfurled by this Prophet of the Nile. I appeal to all humanitarians to support this marvelous man by subscribing for his great world journal; and furthermore, I beg those who may have a little money to invest in such missionary work to communicate with Mr. Bruce, or direct with Mr. Mohamed in regard to buying stock in the African Times and Orient Review Co.

The Review is now nearing its second birthday, and it appears to me that the people backing it have undertaken the tremendous, and sometimes thankless task, of serving the lowliest first; and are endeavoring to assist those who are in direst need of help. I am asking that they may be supplied with the necessary funds to *quickly* make their monthly magazine the great medium for good throughout the world it is bound to eventually become. I am not content to sit in idleness and ease with folded hands, and helplessly wait for our good Lord to bring the Millenium, but am humbly trying to do something to hasten it, and hope to see the ushering in of the Golden Age in my day and generation.

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and *I saw* the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received *his* mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Revelation, XX; 4.

As an earnest man who tries to love every honest soul on this terrestrial sphere, and as a sincere friend of the Race with whom I have *served and suffered for a quarter of a century*, I say unto you from the profoundest depths of my being, I verily believe that all who heed my appeal will live to thank me for bringing this information into their lives.

The Review will soon be able to command plenty of advertising at good rates on account of its world-wide circulation, and to any who may undertake to buy stock on my recommendation, I give it as my candid conviction that in due time they will receive a fair reward for their investment.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Ecclesiastes, XI; 1.

The more I muse and meditate about this mystic man Mohamed, and carefully study his strange letters to me, his brilliant editorials, his wonderful writings, and receive the spiritual illumination that shines forth from his lines, the more I am inclined to *feel* that I will live to see the literal fulfillment of the prophecy contained in the 31st verse of the 68th Psalm:—

"Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia *shall soon stretch out her hands unto* God."

Let us work and watch, while we *hope* and *pray*, and strive onward and upward to the moral altitudes where we can catch the air of the song celestial, and behold the heavenly vision that radiates from the luminous pages of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World":—

"Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity:

"Hearts of men upon earth,
Never once still from their birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of heaven on their breast!

"Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till anger and hatreds are dead,
And sorrow and death shall cease:

"'Peace on earth and good-will!'
Souls that are gentle and still,
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!"

"Let us keep step to the Music of the Republic."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"Mine eyes have seen the Glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift Sword,
His Truth is marching on.

"He has sounded forth the Trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my Soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a Glory in His bosom that Transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us '*Live*' to make men free,
While God is marching on."

The Sword of the Lord, which is the Spirit of Truth, *will prevail* when the swords of the world *shall be broken and powerless to rule.*

"And ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you Free."
St. John, VIII; 32.

"He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariot in the fire.

"Be still, and know that I *am* God:
I will be exalted among the heathen,
I will be exalted in the earth." Psalms, XLVI; 9-10.

"And He shall judge among the Nations, *and shall rebuke many people*: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: Nation shall not lift up sword against Nation, *neither shall they* Learn *war any more.*" Isaiah, II; 4.

With an abiding faith from earliest childhood, I have devoutly believed that I would be permitted to live to see UNIVERSAL PEACE firmly established, and to that end I dedicate my life, my service, and my sacred honor.

My "TRUMPET CALL TO MEN OF COLOR," sounds forth on the natal day of the Greatest Emancipator the World has ever seen, since the Carpenter of Nazareth lifted up his hands in benediction while blessing the multitude, and passed from mortal sight at Bethany.

It is my humble effort to pay some small tribute of respect to the memory of our FIRST MARTYRED PRESIDENT, while endeavoring to arouse, encourage, and inspire the Colored people of America to do *their part* toward carrying forward in a world-wide manner, the GREAT CAUSE for which he gave "*the last full measure of devotion.*"

Equal Rights and Opportunities for All Mankind, wherever dispersed on the face of the Globe, *and Special Privileges to None.*

LIBERTY! WITH PEACE! AND JUSTICE! FOR ALL RACES AND RELIGIONS; UNTO ALL NATIONS, PEOPLES, KINDREDS, AND TONGUES.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

"In the UNION of all who LOVE,
For the SERVICE of all who SUFFER."

WILLARD LIGHT.

4832 Arlington Avenue,
Los Angeles, California,
U. S. A.

* * * *

EDWIN ROBINSON ON LINCOLN

"Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold;
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

"For he, to whom we have applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was *elemental* when he died,
As he was *ancient* at his birth.

"*The saddest among kings of earth,*
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
LACONIC—AND OLYMPIAN."

FIRST IMMORTAL ORATION

AT

GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO, our Fathers brought forth on this continent a *new* Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that ALL MEN *are created equal.*

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether *that* Nation, or *any* Nation so conceived and so dedicated, *can long endure.*

We are met upon a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that *that* Nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, *we* cannot dedicate; *we* cannot consecrate; *we* cannot hallow this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what *we say* here, but it can never forget what *they did* here.

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who *fought* here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here *consecrated* to the great task remaining before us:—That from these honored dead we take *increased* consecration to that cause for which they gave *the last full measure of devotion*:—

THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE, *that these dead shall not have died in vain*:—THAT THIS NATION UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM:—And that Government of the people, *by the people*, FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

Abraham Lincoln.

THE UNCOMMON COMMONER

By Edmund Vance Cooke, in The Public

"Bulwark and barbican, grim and tall,
Keep and turret and moated wall,
Portico, peristyle, stately hall,
Palaces, castles, courts and all;
Lofty minaret, lordly dome,
Humble yourselves at the childhood home
OF LINCOLN.

"Made of a few sticks, clumsily cut;
No window to open, no door to shut;
So wretched, indeed, that the name of hut
Were gilded praise of its poverty, but—
By the kernel alone we must judge the nut.
Who could have dreamed in that early hour
That out of such muck would have sprung the flower—
A. LINCOLN!

"REACTIONARIES! who strive, today,
To hold that men are of differing clay;
OLIGARCHS! PLUTOCRATS! ye who say
The fathers were wrong, and yea or nay
May answer a People's Rights today,
That some are to rule and some obey,
One plain word shall command your shame;
Into your faces I fling the name
OF LINCOLN.

"Whence did he come? From the rearmost rank
Of the humblest file. Was it some mad prank
Of God that the mountains were bare and blank
And the strong tree grew on the lowliest bank?
Not so! 'TIS THE LAW. The seed blows wide
And the flower may bloom as the garden's pride,
Or spring from the ditch. Nor time, nor place,
Condition nor Caste, nor Creed nor Race
May limit manhood. The proof is the case
OF LINCOLN.

"How was he trained—this untaught sage,
With nothing but want for his heritage?
Set to work at the tender age
Which should have been conning a primer page;
His whole youth spent for the pitiful wage
Of axman, boatman, farmer, clerk;
For learned alone in the school of work
WAS LINCOLN.

"What was his power? Not kingly caste,
Nor jingle of gold, howsoever amassed;
Not Napoleon's force, with the world aghast;
Nor Tallyrand's cunning, now loose, now fast;
Not weak persuasion or fierce duress,
But strong with the Virtue of Homeliness
WAS LINCOLN.

"Homely in feature. An old style room,
With its tall, quaint clock and its old, quaint loom,
Has very much of his home-made air;
Plain, but a plainness made to wear.
Homely in character. Void of pretense;
Homely in homeliest common sense.
Homely in honesty, homespun stuff
For every weather, mild or rough.
Homely in humor, which bubbled up
Like a forest spring in its earthern cup.
Homely in justice. He knew the law,
But often more than the *letter* he saw;
And, sheathing the sword to its harmless hilt,
Wrote 'PARDON' over the blot of guilt.
Homely in patience. His door stood wide,
And carping and cavil from every side
Dinned in his ears, but he went his way
And did the strongest that in him lay.
Homely in modesty. Never a claim
Of credit he made, and he shirked no blame,
Yet firm in his place as the hemisphere
When principle said to him, 'STAND THOU HERE!'
Homely in tenderness. Motherhood's breast,
Where the new babe cradles its head to rest,
Is not more tender than was his heart;
Yet brave as a Bayard in every part
WAS LINCOLN.

"O, UNCOMMON COMMONER! may your name
Forever lead like a living flame!
UNSCHOOLED SCHOLAR! how did you learn
The wisdom a lifetime cannot earn?
UNSAINTED MARTYR! higher than saint!
You were a MAN with a man's constraint.
In the world, of the world, was your lot;
With it and for it the fight you fought,
And never till Time is itself forgot
And the heart of man is a pulseless clot,
Shall the blood flow slow when we think the thought
OF LINCOLN."

APPENDIX

Comrades in the Battle for Bread and Peace:

Grant me this opportunity to return thanks to all those dear friends who took the trouble to write me such encouraging letters concerning my previous pamphlets, and overwhelmed me with congratulations and kind words of hope.

It is most gratifying to note the wide range of stations in life from whence they came. THE WHITE HOUSE, *Captains of Commerce*, and on down to the plain private soldiers in the industrial army, who serve with me. Senators of the United States; Governors of States; prominent Pastors; eminent Editors of standard publications; Lawyers and other professional people; staid and substantial business men of affairs; Comrades in the fast thinning ranks of the United Confederate Veterans, and the Grand Army of the Republic. Could any unknown man ask or expect a greater reward from his very first efforts at writing anything for publication?

I was deeply touched by the appreciation and assistance that came from my Colored friends. In order to show my gratitude to them, and to practice the doctrine I preach, of first helping those who seem to be most in need of help, I am making this effort in their especial behalf.

It appears to me that every person born into the Caucasian Race in the twentieth century ought to thank God every hour of their lives, and should at least endeavor to be kind and helpful to all those Races who are less fortunate than ours in the present cycle of time.

We are God's chosen people. The Chief Stewards of His footstool. We are not proving altogether true to our holy trust. We are being called to an accounting. Unless we rapidly remedy the derelictions of our divine duties, the stewardship of the world will pass from us into the hands of a more spiritual minded people. Armies, battle-ships, dread-naughts, air-ships, and sub-marines *never can save us.*

The workers of the world, regardless of Race, Creed, or Color, *will soon refuse to destroy each other on the battlefield*, IN ORDER THAT ROYALTY AND CASTE, PRIVILEGE AND GREED MAY SIT ENTHRONED. At some future time I hope to explain my crude ideas of the only means by which our Race may hope to claim any right or title to exalted seats in the COMING KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Many of my friends who know something of the tremendous handicaps, antagonistic and conflicting influences, distressing and distracting conditions under which I have been compelled to labor, have faith to believe that with more harmonious surroundings I may be able to turn out some writing that really might be worth reading, and are urging me not to stop, but to go on in the good work. I hope their faith is well founded, and trust that in time they may not be disappointed.

A few of my correspondents who happen to know of my vocation in life have been generous enough to suggest their willingness to render me some financial aid. Candor compels me to say I am sadly in need of the same. I ask nothing for my time. *If I have any talent it is not for sale.* But the days are passing swiftly by. I am now in my fifty-third year, and have decided to appeal to those who are sympathetic enough to believe that I am going to be of some service to mankind, to furnish me with the necessary funds to pay printing and postage on my products.

The people in London are not paying, never have paid, nor ever promised to pay me anything for what I am trying to do for them. I take it, that like myself, Editor Mohamed is striving to do his part toward the evangelization of the earth "*without money and without price.*"

I put no charge upon this tractate, but will thankfully accept anything anyone wishes to give me for it. I will hold it in print until my friends the world over have time to judge of its merits, or *lack of merit.* I am prepared to furnish any number of copies at whatever value fair minded people place upon them. Letters containing helpful suggestions, constructive criticism, or monetary encouragement would be most gratefully received, and all acknowledged if possible.

If my "Trumpet Call to Men of Color" proves to be something of a success, as soon as I can find rest, and strength, and time, I hope to follow it with a "Bugle Call to White Folks." I should like to make this next intended booklet a Souvenir of Easter, and feebly attempt to have it reflect *some* of the Resurrection Glory, but the dawning of the morning of that sad sweet day is near at hand, and I must work very slowly, cautiously, and carefully on these eternal principles. THE SPIRIT IS WILLING AND EAGER, *but the flesh is weak indeed.*

OUR FATHER only knows when the clarion notes of my "Bugle Call" may ring out. As our just Quaker friends might express it, I will undertake to compose my next message "*when the Spirit moves me.*" In it I hope to present some reasons why I *feel* that a World Parliament of Religions should be held at our Panama-Pacific Exposition, and also a Globe Conference of Fraternal Orders. In this latter connection I trust I might be able to say something that may prove profoundly interesting to the brethren in the Fraternity of which I have the honor to be a kindergarten member.

"I AM LOATH TO CLOSE." With the continuation of the cheering inspiration, comforting sympathy, and substantial support of all good and true Comrades in the Grand Army of Right, I pray that ere long I will be permitted to take my "LIGHT" from under a bushel, and set it on a candlestick, where it may shine brightly before men: *and ever yet brighter,* EVEN UNTO THE PERFECT DAY.

Yours for Service in the Brotherhood of Humanity,

THE AUTHOR.

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121 SOUTH BROADWAY LOS ANGELES, CAL.

W 60

On the Shores of Tennessee

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the Shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well;
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
STARS AND STRIPES *on sloop and shallop*
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For death's last despatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, *slave no longer;*
Voice and hand shall both be free
To shout and point to UNION *colors,*
On the waves of Tennessee.

* * * * *

"Ha! above the foliage yonder,
Something flutters wild and free!
'*Massa! Massa!* HALLELUJAH!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!'

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,—
Give a freeman's shout with me!
'GOD AND UNION!' *be our watchword*
Evermore in Tennessee!

* * * * * * * *

"When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee."

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

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